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Wyman's Walking House

BY MABEL S. MERRILL

Chapter III

THEY swung the Walking House off the road into a level clearing where somebody had been chopping spruce trees at the foot of a tall ledge. Not far away was a spring of clear water that bubbled out from under a rock.

"What do we want of Aunt Lucilla's house when we have such a nice one of our own?" exclaimed Star. "Now let's cook the best and biggest supper we can think of in the stove that has been around the world."

They decided that the supper of crisply browned bacon, baked potatoes, doughnuts, and sandwiches was the best they had ever eaten. Before they had finished it they had a welcome visitor. Celia was sitting on the ground taking a round bite out of a sandwich when something cold touched the back of her neck and then the head of the brown-eyed collie was thrust over her shoulder.

"It's Scurry," cried Star and at the sound of the name they had given him the dog rolled over joyfully on the ground at their feet. He was very tired with his long journey through the woods but he was happy. He had found his best friends.

"Oh, what good company he will be in our little house tonight!" cried Star. "We must let him stay inside with us. Celia will never make up her mind to go to sleep unless she can put out her hand and feel him in the dark."

Wyman drove the Walking House close up under the jut of the big overhanging ledge, then he stood off and looked at it a moment.

"It would only take a little while to cover it all up with brush so that anybody who came poking around would never know it was there," he said.

"Let's do it," agreed Star; "then if a bear comes he won't find us, either."

"No bear is going to meddle with us. Wild animals generally know enough to mind their own business when you don't trouble them," remarked Wyman. "But those sawmill fellows are not quite so polite as bears."

The choppers had left great tumbled heaps of brush all about. With the Walking House in under the overhanging ledge, it was easy to cover it all out of sight with a mountain of those thick spruce boughs. Then they had to think what to do with the old ox, because, of course, the sawmill men would know that the children were somewhere about if old Job should be found grazing close by.

Wyman led the big animal into the middle of a pine thicket and tied his halter so that he could lie down and be comfortable. They had given him his grain before they ate their own supper and he had found water for himself where the spring ran down into a pool in a little hollow. They had taken the

fire out of the stove and dropped it into another pool.

"It will be warm enough behind all that brush and I don't want them to smell any smoke coming up through the heap," said Wyman, as they crept into the house in the dark. "I don't see why we aren't about as safe as woodchucks in a burrow but I'm going to put my blankets right across this open door so that whoever comes will have to reckon with me first."

They had left the windows open as well as the door, because they could not be seen from the outside though the boughs were placed so that the air could draw through. Star and Celia, cuddled in a nest of quilts, had the brown-eyed dog beside them where Celia could touch him. Every time he felt that little hand he thumped the floor with his tail till they whispered to him to keep still and go to sleep.

They had been sleeping for some time when Wyman was aroused by a sound out on the road. It was the steady pounding of horses' feet, coming nearer every second.

"Sh!" whispered the boy as Star's sleepy voice asked what the matter was. "Keep the dog still and don't make a sound, either of you."

Star obeyed and little Celia put both hands over her mouth. The dog beside them rose to a crouching position and waited without moving a muscle. Scurry knew what "Keep still!" meant and he knew a good many other things, too.

The pounding of the horses' feet sounded nearer. The riders were turning into the clearing where the Walking House was hidden. Wyman could not see much yet, but he could tell by the sounds that there were two persons. They got down and tethered their horses.

In another moment the children could hear them tramping about the clearing and muttering as they peered into the shadows of the trees.

"They must be here somewhere," said Jim's voice. "The kid certainly



Out for a ride with Old Dobbin.

turned off the other road in that place where we found the wheel marks in the sand. When he got into this road he thought he had given us the slip."

"Looks to me as though he was right," growled the other man. "There's nobody here."

"Don't give it up yet," whispered Jim. "What do you reckon might be in back of this pile of brush against the ledge? I've a notion that it has just been stacked up there."

"Likely it has. The choppers piled it up to burn, I should say. You don't suppose the kids would be bright enough to bury the shanty in a brush heap when they didn't know we were after them?"

"Can't tell what kids will think of," retorted Jim. "But say, where's the old ox? If we find him in the bushes we shall know for sure that they're here somewhere."

At this, both men began tramping and peering again all about the clearing. Wyman had found an opening in the brush from which he could watch them. The moon had risen by this time and the place was flooded with white moonlight. He saw them go to the edge of that thicket of pines in the midst of which the old ox was hidden, but they did not go into it. They turned away and went along the farther side of the clearing.

Then Wyman, on his knees at the window with the girls peering over his shoulders, saw something that made his heart jump.

Out of the bushes a little way off, the dark shape of some large creature was slowly emerging. It stood there a moment in the fringe of shadow and then began moving over to the brush heap that hid Walking House.

"That old ox must have broken his halter," whispered Wyman. "I wouldn't have believed he could. Now those men will never stop hunting till they find us. Job has given us away, all right!"

The big dark shape edged nearer, keeping in the shadow of the brush heap. Wyman was sure it was the ox. What else could it be? It came slowly over and poked a long nose cautiously into the open place in the brush that concealed the window. The men were now some distance away and standing quite still to listen for sounds from the woods.

Wyman put out a noiseless hand to touch that long nose. If he could let old Job know that his friends were close to him, perhaps he would stand there so quietly that the men would not notice him in the shadows. But the boy looked into the creature's eyes and all of a sudden he knew it was not Job. That long nose was humped and the head was not shaped like that of an ox.

"It's a moose!" Wyman drew back his hand and for a moment his heart beat fast. He and Thaxter had often seen moose in the woods but never one so near

and never one that would stand like this to let you look at him.

"It's some old chap that got half tame, hanging around lumber camps where the men fed him with hay in the winter," guessed the boy. "They often do that. Now, I wonder if those men are going to get their eyes on him."

The two men had turned to come back. The moose heard their feet crunching the dry moss and instantly it faded into the darkness as swiftly as a big black shadow.

Jim and his mate came and stood again by the brush heap, so close to that opening in front of the hidden window that the children could see their eyes.

"Did you see something move over here just as we turned to come this way?" asked Jim in a low voice. "I've half a mind to dig into this brush heap and see what I find."

At this moment Celia's "brown-eyed doggie" rose up silently, the hair bristling along his back and his eyes like two points of fire in the faint light that came through the opening. Scurry forgot all about keeping still when he heard those gruff voices out there. He growled deep in his throat and the noise went echoing through the little Walking House till it sounded like the growl of a young lion.

The men drew back. "Hey," muttered Jim, "must be a den of bobcats in there or a bear. Don't know as I want to dig into that brush heap after all. What do you say if we mog along home?"

"I'm ready. Let the boss hunt up his own shanties, if he finds any are missing when he gets back. We better hurry, too. He may come before we get the horses back into camp. It's dead against his rules for the men to use the horses at night."

They were turning to go when Jim stopped. "What's that?" he asked sharply. "Sounds to me like somebody snickering."

(To be continued)

Colony Ways

BY PRISCILLA STAPLES

Part V

YOUR great-grandfather liked waffles, and ate just about as many of them as you do when mother brings out the electric waffle-iron and you all have waffles for supper. Of course great-grandfather's mother didn't have an electric waffle-iron, but she had a waffle-iron. It had the square places on it and a cover to fit over it and then a long handle attached so that she could hold it way into the coals in the fireplace. And the waffles that great-grandmother made! Why, they were just as brown and crisp as those you have now-a-days! And the butter and maple syrup that went with them was — oh, so good! Great-grandfather had helped great-grandmother churn the butter and had helped great-grandfather boil down

the sap into the maple syrup. But when great-grandfather was a naughty boy and didn't help with the work at all, great-grandmother didn't give him waffles for supper. He had to eat plain "oven cake." Now that may sound good to you, but I don't believe that you would like it any better than your great-grandfather did. Great-grandmother did all her baking in a brick oven. If you have ever been in an old house I presume you have seen a brick oven and know that it was usually built at the side of the fireplace. But do you know how that oven was heated? Not by the fire in the fireplace, but by a fire built right inside the oven, so that the bricks which lined the oven would get hot. Then after the fire burned down, the coals were raked out and the hot bricks kept the oven warm enough for great-grandmother to bake in. Now you can see that the floor of the oven would be a pretty dirty place after the coals were raked out, so sometimes great-grandmother made a cheap batter of flour and water and spread it on the floor of the oven. This made a hard sort of crust which was a clean place on which she could put her pies and bread. After the baking was done great-grandmother would take the "oven cake" — as she called the hard crust — out of the oven and break it up into small pieces and put it into a stone jar. Then when a beggar or a tramp came to the door, or when great-grandfather was a naughty boy, she would give him some oven cake to eat. So once in a while — of course only once in a very great while — your great-grandfather had to go to bed with only milk and oven cake for his supper!

Book Notes

MY FATHER'S FARM, a Book of Poems by Robert Sparks Walker (Four Seas), is for grown-ups and older girls and boys. There is a pretty poem, "Cowbells." It begins as follows:

"Cowbells that tinkle in the morning,
The bells that hush at noon,
Are those that ring at evening,
And mellow with the moon."

Here's a thriller for boys! THE FINDER OF FIRE, by Francis Rolt-Wheeler (Appleton), tells the adventures of Schlee, a cave boy at the time of the Ice Age thousands of years ago. Schlee is a member of the Cro-Magnon race, who do not know what fire is. Banished from his home for disobedience, he wanders far from his own people and is captured by another tribe. He here learns of the existence of fire, and determines to steal some and carry it back as a gift to his people. You will read with interest of his adventures on the long journey home.

A Bucko Mate in the Making

By ROY D. FRANCE

Jackie has a conch shell that has been a family treasure

Since granddad on his mother's side retired from the sea;

His mother found him listening, one day, with fourfold pleasure;

He held the great conch to his ear, lost in his ecstasy.

"O mother, I hear lots of things," he said, his face a-shining,

"The pounding of a pirate ship, the quarreling of her crew,

She's heading off another ship the morn'ing sun's outlining —

A pirate shot has crossed her bows; the merchant's heaving to!"

She stared in growing wonder at his most amazing story,

And then he stopped her questioning, a finger on his lip;

"They've boarded her . . . there's been a fight, her quarter-deck is gory

The pirates have the chests of gold . . . and now they've burned the ship.

"I hear the creak of anchor chains, the mate his men berating,

A boiling surf that's hissing on a sunny palm-fringed shore,

The click of working oar-locks . . . now the boat on sand is grating

The swish of something heavy — there's a dozen sacks or more.

"I hear the picks and shovels; must be quite a hole they're digging,

It's treasure that they've buried there, I guess that much is plain;

And now they've gone back to their ship, the wind sings through the rigging . . .

The pirate ship with all sails set is out to cruise again."

"Why, Jackie, that's a story-book, a tale of pirate plundering,

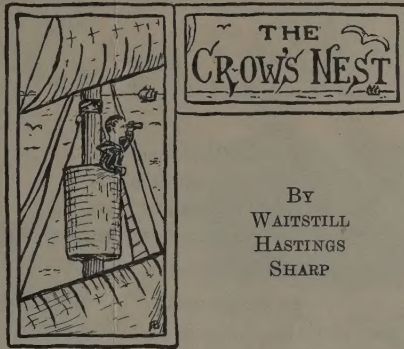
Did some one tell it to you? You remembered very well."

"No, Mummy, no one told me," his eyes danced at her wondering;

"It really happened, Mummy; I heard it in the shell."

Young People and Peace Treaties

On April 6, 1927, the tenth anniversary of the entry of the United States into the World War, M. Briand, the Foreign Minister of France, proposed to the people of the United States the "renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy." "France," he said, "would be willing to subscribe publicly



By
WAITSTILL
HASTINGS
SHARP

[Dedicated to Rev. Charles F. Dole, 1847-1927.]

From August 1, 1914, to November 11, 1918, the civilized nations of the world spent \$186,000,000,000 to kill 10,000,000 soldiers. Since this is the Age of Reason, so far as things mechanical are concerned, we used our heads on everything but our religion and the problem of sharing this world. How hard we worked to perfect our radios, and guns, and airplanes, and submarines, and poison gas — and 10,000,000 fresh graves are the result, filled before their time. When you think of "glory" and the "results" of a past war, keep the dead men in mind. When you think of the "necessity" of a future war, count the men who are to die.

Among the finest products of German

with the United States to any mutual agreement tending to 'outlaw war' as between these two countries." The French Cabinet endorsed this proposal, and the American Ambassador, Mr. Herrick, on behalf of the French Government brought to our State Department in June a definite project for a "treaty of eternal peace" between France and the United States.

Forty-three nations have already negotiated eighty-two treaties in which they agree to settle their differences without war. The United States is not among the nations that have negotiated such treaties. France has signed five; Great Britain one. Our present arbitration treaty with France expires in February of this year; that with Great Britain in June. Several great national organizations and many leaders of thought in the United States have endorsed the proposal that our country make treaties with France and other responsible nations providing amicable ways of dealing with problems arising between them.

If such treaties are to be negotiated and ratified, the President and Senate must know that public sentiment favors such action. The young people of the world are deeply concerned in the discovery of other and better methods than war of settling international disputes.

reason is the Fokker plane. Used as an observation plane it probably sent thousands of shells to their mark in English and French trenches; used as a scout plane it probably swooped often and poured machine-gun bullets into Allied troops on the march. It was fast and well built. It worked well.

Its designer, Anthony Fokker (who survived the war) was invited to speak, recently, before the Netherlands Chamber of Commerce in New York City. This is the account of his address as we read it in the Boston Herald of October 20, 1927:

"Aviation is the cheapest and most efficient method for killing people," Mr. Fokker said. "In a city like New York, bombing planes loaded with gas bombs could destroy 1,000,000 persons absolutely without fail. So important will aviation be as an offensive weapon in another war and so great is the range of planes that the safest place for men will be in the front-line trenches."

Is it right or reasonable to go into war for any reason whatsoever that may lead to a picture like this — one million dead people gassed in the streets and office buildings of New York, dying like rats in a trap?

We stand today in this matter where Theodore Parker and the Abolitionists stood on the slavery question in 1850. Oh, for some strong hearts to lead the way again uphill and through the dark!

To arouse and direct the thought of the young people of the United States along these fruitful lines, national prizes are offered by Clement M. Biddle of New York for the preparation and public delivery by young people not over 19 years of age of addresses on permanent world peace through treaties for the renunciation of war and the settlement of all international disputes by other means than war.

There will be

- (1) Contests in public speaking.
- (2) Contests among the writers of their own speeches.

Three prizes are offered:

First — \$500, to be used, preferably, for a summer trip to Geneva, Switzerland, and other points in Europe.

Second — \$300, to be used, preferably, towards the meeting of school or college expenses.

Third — \$200, to be used, preferably, towards the meeting of school or college expenses.

For complete information write to the Committee in Charge, National Oratorical Contest on Out-law War Treaties, 532 Seventeenth St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

Do it now!

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Dear B. C.'s:

We are wondering if any of you have received letters from the boys and girls in Liverpool. No further word has been received from the minister to whom a long list of names was sent.

THE EDITOR.

2235 OREGON ST.,
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA.

Dear Beacon Editor: My sister Gloria and I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and like it very much. We should like to belong to the Beacon Club and wear its pin. My sister is five and I am seven-and-a-half years old.

I will tell you about the boat we visited called "The Malolo." It is the largest passenger boat ever built in the U. S. A. It has several decks and runs from San Francisco to Honolulu in four days. The rooms are beautiful. There is a children's playground on the top deck and a swimming pool on the lower deck. There is a room for moving pictures, and libraries and elevators on this boat.

Miss Waide is my Sunday-school teacher. We should like some girls of our ages to write to us.

Your friends,

JUNE AND GLORIA FRISBIE.

19 MOUNT PLEASANT ST.,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

Dear Beacon Club Editor: I am a member of the Beacon Club and should like to have some girl of my age correspond with me. I should love to have some correspondents in England. I am eight years old and in the third grade at school. My Sunday-school teacher is Miss Bradford and our minister is Rev. George Hale Reed. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it very much. I like the puzzles best, so I am enclosing some twisted things. In the summer time I go to a Quaker Sunday School.

Yours truly,

HILDEGARDE M. HUNT.

41 WREN ST.,
WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

Dear Editor: I should like to be a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy the stories very much. I am taking "God's Wonder World" this year in Church School and like it very much. I am almost ten years old and am in fifth grade in day school.

Yours truly,

DAVID H. HUNTER.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Store-keeping

By Evelyn Gould

When an all-day pelting rain

Beats upon the window—



We just say, "Well, let it



We can have fun playing store.

First, we take a kitchen



Which we carefully pre-

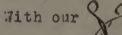
With the things we R to sell:



, toys, and



as well.



we cut



;

Then we dress up to look funny.

Philip puts a



on;

A big



'most covers Don.

I am Sue and wear a



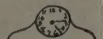
With a great big



on it.

Taking turns, each sells and buys;

Having fun, how the



We'll play store again, we say,

The next pleasant rainy day.

Stamp Studies

By A. V.

LA DIVINA COMMEDIA

There is a certain tall Italian stamp. In its center is an eagle. The eagle holds an open book. The pages of the book bear three words. They are *La Divina Commedia*.

Alighieri Dante is the greatest of all Italian poets. He was born in 1265 and died in 1321. He wrote a great poem. We call it *The Divine Comedy*.

That is the poem that the stamp commemorates. The man who wrote the poem died over seven hundred years ago. Where was America seven hundred years ago? Surely Italy can look backward proudly. America cannot look backward. America must look forward. If America can look forward towards that which, in literature and art, Italy can

Puzzlers

Transformed Birds

Two birds were talking one fine day
About each other's names.
The one cried out, "Now come, let's play
At little children's games."
"Done," said the other, "but I've no head
For puzzles, you'll agree.
Give me your head and have instead
The head that owneth me."
The first agreed and his looks sable
Part of a ship became!
The other was a vegetable.
• And neither knew his name.

—The Target.

Charade

Place first a common little vowel,
And after last, I see.
This word then stretches quite a bit;
So think what it can be.

Colonel Puzzler

A message was handed in to headquarters which was finally turned over to Colonel Puzzler to decipher. He found there was a simple way to make it readable. Here is the message:

Dens no there shores evens snug dan prose.

—The Youth's Companion.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 15

Enigma.—He giveth snow like wool.
Beheaded Words.—1. D-rug. 2. S-cow.
3. C-ash. 4. S-table. 5. B-read. 6. F-arm.

look back upon, then America can move forward with an easy conscience just as fast as time will let it.

The Divine Comedy is the oasis in the literary desert of the Middle Ages. It is a spring of beauty, and from it we can drink deep because once upon a time Dante drank deep of the beauty of a young girl.

She was eight. He was nine. Her face burned itself into his heart. It was still engraved there when he died.

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